WESTFIELD STATE COLLEGE
3 0386 0025 9446 0

Agnes C. Dowdall
137 Beech St.

Westfield Normal School

...1909...

Class Officers

STELLA A. VITTY ..... *President*
ESTHER L. DALRYMPLE ..... *Vice-President*
ANNE HALFPENNY ..... *Treasurer*
TRYPHENA BICKFORD ..... *Secretary*

Honorary Members

LOUIS G. MONTE, LEWIS B. ALLYN.

Faculty

CLARENCE A. BRODEUR, *Principal.*

FREDERIC GOODWIN, J. C. HOCKENBERRY,
EDITH CUMMINGS, L. B. ALLYN,
A. A. KNIGHT, L. G. MONTE,
C. B. WILSON.

Training School

GEORGE W. WINSLOW, *Principal.*

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1909

Class of 1909

Westfield Normal School

Commencement Exercises

Class Banquet.
Thursday, June 17, 1909, Park Square Hotel.

Faculty Tea.
Saturday afternoon, June 19, 1909, Dickinson Hall.

Senior Reception.
Saturday evening, June 19, 1909, Assembly Hall.

Sunday Vespers.
June 20, 1909, Assembly Hall.

Class Picnic.
Monday, June 21, 1909.

Class Night.
Monday evening, June 21, 1909.

Graduation Ivy Exercises.
Tuesday, June 22, 1909.

STELLA A. VITTY
President

ESTHER L. DALRYMPLE
Vice-President

TRYPHENA BICKFORD
Secretary

ANNE HALFPENNY
Treasurer

Prophecy of Class 1909

Given Monday, June 21, 1909, at the Class Picnic.

By Helen T. Howard, Margaret I. Leahy.

TWO poor unfortunates! Chosen as the foretellers of the future of the illustrious Class of 1909. What were we to do? Mere babes in the gift of prophecy. What a vast amount of courage we had, to lay aside a whole week to haunt Dickinson Hall and to wander about the Campus with a view of probing the veil of mystery shrouding the future of our classmates. Although this was a mammoth (?) sacrifice, we felt ourselves amply repaid.

One afternoon about five o'clock, the usual hour for all of the girls' constitutionals, Margaret and I were strolling about the Campus, just outside the geology room, when we saw a strange gleam in the grass. It proved to be a queer specimen of a stone which we tried in vain to associate with some of the magnetites, siderites, etc., which we met with in our past geology days. I had hardly picked it up when it began to crumble in my hand and the next moment what should I see in its place, but an old, old man, about ninety years of age, with a beard, way down to here and nowhere. So sudden was this apparition that Margaret sank on the ground and I immediately followed suit, but only to rise again to greet him. We had hardly regained our breath before the old man began to murmur in a thin quavering voice, which bespoke his ninety years and more. Pricking up our ears we listened closely and we were able to give our greatest attention to every word he said, because of a two years' training in Mrs. Knight's classes.

The old man informed us that he had been imprisoned in a queer stone, and for many years had been kept by Mr. Wilson as a curiosity. But the latter did not know its true value, and long ago had cast it out of the window. Many had picked it up, but

had thrown it down again as worthless, but its magic lay in the fact that the old man, ninety years of age, with the beard way down to here and nowhere was not to emerge until 1920, unless someone utttered a wish while holding it, and how could I help but chance upon this good fortune when there had been a constant wish in our inmost thoughts for weeks. The old man was so grateful for his deliverance that he promised to tell us all about the future of our classmates as they would be in the year 1920. So we opened our notebooks which we always carried with us in order to be ready to jot down problems of algebra or geometry which might present themselves.

We now began to listen to the future of Class '09, and the first person we heard of was the one and only boy of our class, Benjamin T. Riley. And what a strange fate had overtaken him. He had married Lizzie Battenburg who had always been a favorite with the Normal girls, and the couple had set up a great millinery establishment where the latest styles in hats were always to be procured. We were not very much surprised at Ikey's becoming a "Benedict" for he always was fond of Lizzie. But we did receive a shock when we found that Grace Howard was in the insane asylum, whither she had gone soon after leaving Normal. Those strong nerves which had sustained her so many nights in her vigils on the second floor, and her trips down the pike had at last failed her, and she was sent to Northampton a sad wreck of monitorship, at Dickinson Hall.

What a different fate had befallen her roommate, Ruby Cowing. Immediately after graduation she had settled down to a quiet life as a shepherdess, tending her "herd" with the greatest of care and devotion.

We paid close attention at the mention of the word Mahoney. What had become of fun-loving, ever-smiling happy-go-lucky Florence? Why the saddest of fates possible for her. She had always been fond of a trombone, so had organized a brass band, with herself as leader playing the trombone. But she became so fond of it and had the band play so much, that she strained her vocal chords until they became quite useless and oh! so sad to relate had become quite dumb!

Another great affliction had befallen one of the other girls, Antoinette Charest. She had set up a telephone exchange of her

own, but as the place was entirely fitted up with "red" and no other color was prominent, so the poor girl became color blind.

We next heard about our old friend Elean Pfeiffer, who in memory of Dickinson Hall life had built a lodging house for those wayfarers who might be "Afraid to go home in the dark."

Septa Lynn we found had finally her dearest wish granted—that of being a doctor, and she had so pursued her studies that in 1920, she was a great surgeon, famous the world over. Septa was ever a cut-up, so we knew she must be just in her element.

As for Elaine Holt and Helen Stockwell what more could be expected when one saw how fond they were of the house cat at Dickinson Hall, than that they should betake themselves off to some distant land, no matter what the name, (for no matter how simple, Helen never could pronounce it,) where they kept a home for houseless cats, with no thought for anything outside the care of their pets.

We paid strict attention when we heard one of the beauties of our class mentioned. What could have happened to her? Why she had become a photographer and connected with her establishment was a picture gallery, showing the likenesses of countless numbers of men, for was there ever a fellow any girl might know, whose picture was not in Anne Halfpenny's collection? And Anne not only knew the name but was well acquainted with every gentleman in her or any other girl's list.

Ruth Nocke and Helen Lewis, we were told, had started a private railway line between Springfield and Westfield by which Normal girls could arrive at and leave school every imaginable hour. No need to say that the line had become immensely popular with the school girls, all of whom gave up the public street railway for that convenient one of two old Westfield Normal school girls.

And Louise Arnold? We certainly expected her to be a prima donna by that time, but a far different course had been adopted by her. After leaving Normal school, she had gone to Simmons where she pursued a study of domestic science, in order that she might later introduce it into her favorite school in life, namely Clark University.

Now we found what had happened to good natured Katherine Dowd. From the time of our psychology days we knew Kate

could tell funny stories, and we could never forget what a "howling" effect they had upon us, and the teacher especially, so we could not be very much astounded when we found she was with Will S. Monroe, who with his increase in years was becoming somewhat sarcastic, and this was kept down somewhat by using all her wit and humor on him. We had to sing praises of Kate for the good work, and our one wonder was if she told him any stories like, "Was your grandmother a monkey?"

And the Kearney sisters! Why, Miss Katherine is a grand opera singer fulfilling the promise of her youth, while Miss Mary is a speaker on "Woman's Rights." She gave a lecture not long ago at Dickinson Hall, the monotony being broken by songs and speeches. Once in a while they combine their talent, giving interesting lectures on the American authors, whose lives they became interested in while at school, and one night while Miss Kearney was singing, in the most touching part, one in the audience in the front row, heard a low voice about two seats from her say, "Crescend!" Miss Kearney, "Crescendo!" and turned in time to see Ethel Corrie in an excited manner giving directions. Ethel we understood had supplanted the former instructor at Westfield Normal school and paid special attention to the "Crescendo," so could not control her emotion at the concert.

Imagine our delight at the success of May Dooley and Irene Horrigan, who after working patiently for a few years had invented a novel design in a spread of high colors. Although it was closely observed and the different parts tested beyond the strength of the material, yet it was not necessary that they should be granted a copyright as no one ever had the courage and endurance to imitate their example. Their invention practically abolished that old form of spread that we used about ten years ago.

But wonder upon wonder! Could we believe our ears when he said Catherine Higgins was in a convent. Who would think that the slight confinement she endured while at school would have given her such a taste for seclusion. But I suppose she thought she might just as well do penance continually, as she had practiced doing it at intervals so faithfully.

Alice Geran, of whom we always expected a great deal, was merely the head of a kindergarten establishment, where she took special care of her male charges, and her little Johnnies, Willies and Pauls were the means of giving renewed vigor to her wearied faculties.

He spoke of Esther Dalrymple as having become famous by getting a patent on a clock by which one could regulate the time to suit his necessities and conveniences yet live happily in a community. We were not surprised as you know Esther began this practice in both the school and Dickinson Hall.

May Powers! Now can you believe it? was touring the continent giving lectures on "International Peace," and accomplishing wonders. May was always a peace making and peace loving body, but we never dreamed she was so infatuated with the subject.

And Eleanor Goodvear was a gymnastic teacher. It was always expected she would pursue a course in music, but if you remember correctly after Eleanor gave up her responsible position of monitorship she took courses through the gymnasium in the evening after nine and found it a most pleasurable pastime.

Miss Mary McGee had attained her heart's desire by entering New York society. She was a well known spectacle at the horse races and entered into all sports with great enthusiasm, excelling especially in ping pong. She also favored her friends with tickets to the Hippodrome as Mate was also interested in the theater.

Genevieve Pease had become a "Prima Donna" in a Bijou establishment. We wondered if that was the reason Genevieve practiced the "popular airs" at late hours.

We expected Marion Clark to be in an infirmary, but was much relieved when we found that she and Maude Forsythe had become Christian Scientists and often hired a hall for Miss Edith Warner to deliver their sentiments and converse with the different members of the audience, but Edith, true to her habit, disappointed (?) her friends by having the entertainment consist of a monologue. Edith was our great "standby" to deliver criticisms on United States history teaching lessons if you remember correctly.

Poor Irene Squires! She was the only classmate that was still teaching, and her ambitions never rose higher, for she was still *hunt*ing for her mate.

Here the old man paused, looked sad, stroked his beard and informed us of Anna Dalton who had studied in Germany at a hospital which if named would be easily recognized by all her classmates. Anna became a faithful nurse both to the institution and her profession, although she did lose her first case by sleeping over and forgetting to give the medicine.

But who would ever think there were so many talented people in our class. There was Miss Parker whom we always thought very sedate, writing funny stories and contributing largely to *Puck*. Agnes Dowdall had edited a newspaper entitled "*The Label*," with a clever phrase of advertisement preceding it, namely, "Keep an eye on"—*The Label*. Agnes found this fact especially valuable in chemistry. To this paper Marian Bridgman contributed "Lively Gossip" and always drew the information maps. The latter must have come quite easy to her as she had every reason to be quite familiar with maps for she was always looking up places that were not on that dear old "Orbis Romanus."

He then told us of Claire O'Neill and we were surprised beyond measure at his words. Claire was gaining a reputation of renown by giving exercises to "young hopefuls" by the noble work of instructing at a skating rink.

The old man paused for breath and as my pencil was by this time worn down, and contrary to Mrs. Knight's earnest solicitation—that we should always carry fountain pens—I had none with me, but Margaret who acted upon her advice was in possession of one and took up the old man's words when he began again.

Mrs. Knight may question the truth of the statement that I had a fountain pen, as she realized I took a trip down stairs one day for the ink "to save time," yet as I needed it for literature, I at last did one thing that was suggested.

The next '09 girl we heard about was Frances Egan who was touring Europe. She spent a considerable length of time on the Rhine, especially at the place where many years before Caesar had proposed to bridge it (Bridget). She must have become

interested in the spot because it recalled days spent in child study, where Fannie always shone in spending more time in preparation and writing longer papers than the rest of us.

Alma Root had become a florist, taking roses as her specialty, and met with great success in their method of *twining*. This was not surprising for Alma was always good at twining,—whether roses, baskets or hearts.

After hearing Alma's fate, we were ready for that of another diminutive person in our class—none other than Abbie Johnson. While at school, she was always so near the sky that she became interested in the stars, so she was now an astronomer, and one who could be relied upon for the truth of a statement, because what others saw through telescopes Abbie could perceive with her naked eye.

Two more Springfield girls now claimed our attention—Beulah and Ruth Randall who were famous chemists. They had analyzed so many foods that they found the adulterations of all, and were having great success in making the public use only pure foods. A fact which added to their renown was that they used a picture of themselves as an advertisement of the effect of pure foods. One member of our class had especially profited by their labors, for Tessie Barry would never be now recognized as a large woman of immeasurable width and height who lived at last in peace and happiness in a distant land where she was never called to account for things she *might* but *had not* done.

Monica Roche who, as everyone knows, has always dearly loved babies, was in France where she was at the head of a day nursery. Here she was in her element, and was never content except when helping in this fine educational work of France, and she could ever be seen, surrounded by myriads of babes who were always happy in her presence.

Now we found the whereabouts of Lena Wells. She had become a missionary among the natives of the Figi islands, where the men especially flocked about her, for she won as many converts just through her beauty and her pleasant manner as through her preaching.

Next the old man told us of Jessie Hildreth. She, as everyone knows, was always ready to help the girls in any way possible and they had many a good feed at Jessie's. The custom with

her had so grown that she had finally set up a restaurant, where the girls might have luncheons at any time. This, of course, served the girls to a very great extent after the new rule of "Get down to the dining room ten minutes after the gong, or go without your meal" was established.

And what had become of Tessie Tucker, the girl of so many whims and fancies? Strange enough, she was in Paris, reveling in the art of painting, though never with extreme success, for although she was now free to give vent to her sentiments with the brush, yet she had so many ideas constantly seeking for an outlet, that she did not have the time to see to the completion of any one, as she would have liked to in her own quaint way. As this was a well known trait in Tessie's character, we were not at all taken back with her fortune.

Charlotte Richardson had invented a new soap which excelled Bon Ami, for from chemistry experiments, she had found the harm of adulterations, and so eliminated them. Charlotte was always bright, so no wonder the soap had the quality of brightness.

Marcella Carmody had gone West to Montana where she was enjoying herself immensely, teaching the little rustics and playing the part of a Shy Anne in her life on a fine ranch which she now possessed.

Then we learned that Ottilie Ludwig had become a poetess shortly after finishing her course at Westfield Normal School. Ottilie was always fond of romance and spent many happy hours in "dreamland" surrounded by her countless fairies, but the strange fact about her now, was that she had suddenly turned to adventure and was always composing blood-curdling tales.

Our attention was next called to Clara Harrington, who had done so well while at school that we all expected great things of her. But Clara had after a few years' teaching given it up as something too hard, for she never liked anything but easy work, so was content to remain at home in idleness, dreaming ever of "what might have been."

And Dollie Allaire,—why Dollie was a demonstrator and "*American Ladies*" were her specialty. Dollie was always good in this line, and her gestures and fantastic movements aroused great interest and admiration in all her audiences.

Louise Bush had gone to Porto Rico for the purpose of teaching, but the life and customs were too slow for her, (as she was, as everyone knows, accustomed to swift actions,) so she became an auctioneer in a second-hand bookstore, where her quick speech and knowledge of books were important factors in bringing about her quick success.

But Mary Cronin was a basket weaver. Think of it! First she wanted to become a music teacher, then she took a course to become a school teacher, and she was now at the North Pole weaving "peach baskets" to protect the natives' heads from the extreme heat. Even at school, Mary showed her love for weaving when she exclaimed, "If baskets are made in heaven, I refuse to go there," but evidently she was not looking forward to a very warm future, when she sought to acclimate herself to the North Pole where the fashions and seasons had preceded her.

Olive Starkweather and Eva Moynihan had started a teachers' agency for the purpose of aiding the graduates of Westfield Normal. They would accept other graduates but paid special attention to our girls and now many of them are dispersed throughout Becket, Chester, Feeding Hills, Tatam and Woronoco, thus sending throughout the universe the broad methods of teaching in which they excelled.

Contrary to all our expectations, Ruth Taylor, having become so interested in mathematics while at Westfield Normal School was devoting her entire life to geometry, and had succeeded in giving to the public another new proof for the theorem of Pathogoras. Her demonstration was so simple that it immediately displaced all those which heretofore had been used. The foundation for her proof as all must be interested to know—lay in the word "*Guess.*"

Dora Powers who was always ready to lend a helping hand whenever she could, had kept up the good work after putting school duties aside by forming a club known as the "*Helpers*" wherein information on every conceivable subject was easily and quickly obtained. There is no need to say that the fame of the club spread with great rapidity and finally embraced the whole nation.

Miss Alice Johnston had founded an orphan asylum where she could tell stories to her heart's content, and it must follow

that she is never lacking a large and appreciative audience of children.

Pearl Smith had become a manufacturer of dyes and was herself the chief workman in the house and though she had taken a trip to England, and an earl there had tried to establish her in that country, his efforts were futile, for Pearl loved this side of the water too much and came back for good to her "*dyeing*" and her "*dyers.*"

Tryphena Bickford had become a dealer in fraternity pins, and now one could *believe* that she had all the forms and makes she spoke of. She had also since her school days written a book which rivalled that of Paul Leicester Ford's "Wanted a Chaperone" as Tryphena's had the title, "The Chaperone Eliminated." It is needless to say that the book won great favor with the younger set.

But, oh! horrors! we gasped when we found that Anna May Stockwell was still at Westfield Normal. Then I asked, "What has she been doing there all this time," and the old man replied that when she left the '09 Class she went abroad, being so greatly inspired by what one of our kind teachers was always requesting us to see if we should get the opportunity to go abroad that she could not resist, and spent the rest of her money in travel, with the exception of the sum that was to give the finishing touches to her course. Anna was always slow, but she got there just the same.

Last, but not least, came the story of our class president, Stella Vitty, better known as Mandy. We all knew that after graduation Stella went to Englewood, N. J., to teach, but we did not know that she had gone there for the express purpose of taking lessons in Normal training in New York, so that in a few months she might become instructor in that line at Dartmouth. But the trustees of the college did not allow her to remain very long in this pleasing position, for Stella did nothing but "*Nick*" everything with which she came in contact, and finally the place had become quite degenerated and all classes were forsaken but that of manual training. Poor Stella! She was obliged to leave, and in sorrow went out to Kalamazoo, Mich., where she became the "*Starr*" matron of an old maids' home, where never a word of sarcasm was to be heard, and where Stella reigned supreme.

Then the old man "ninety years of age, with a beard way down to here," said, "I think that is all there were in the class; of course those are all you care to hear about. He was pretty weak as we had been standing during the recital but our enthusiasm over-balanced our fatigue, so we did not feel any "ill effects." I then asked him what we might do in return for his kindness and to show our great appreciation. He exclaimed, "Sing! young ladies, sing!" It is ages since I heard music from a human voice, and that is the only recompense I shall accept for my services." We seemed to realize controversy would be useless as with open eyes and vacant expressions we looked at each other and exclaimed, sing! Then Helen breathlessly whispered, for "*Pete's*" sake Margaret what will we sing. Dreamily I added, "*The Seven Time Principles*"—"*association*" and "*suggestion*," working together so powerfully I could not bring "*reason*" or "*thought*" to my assistance. Taking my stage whisper as an inspiration Helen began with a full, round quarter note "*do*" and faintly I joined her in the rest. We had finished but as the last echo died out in Gillett's woods we saw the old man totter and fall, looking tragic and trying to tell us he was dying.

We then sent for Alice Whitney as she could and would untertake anything and she disposed of the body, promising secrecy. We never dared to tell it until today we give up the secret as we find ourselves among our friends and the breath of their divine protection hovering over us. Somewhere in the distance methinks I hear Alice say, "I went to Westfield Normal School." No! I know she won't tell. And let us today bury our secret for life eternally. Amen!

Helen T. Howard,
Margaret I. Leahy.

Class History

Given Thursday, June 17, 1909, at the Banquet.

By Septa Lynn.

ONE of the most noteworthy events of modern history occurred on September 12, 1907. On that date the Class of 1909 of the Westfield Normal School entered this famous institution of learning. Our aim in coming here was the same as other classes have had and will have, namely,—a desire to manipulate the ruler and to learn how it may be done most effectively.

Although we came into existence in much the same way as other classes there was one important difference for which we were very grateful, and we hope the same privilege may be accorded to all classes of this school hereafter. Former classes, before entering, were obliged to take examinations as a test of the knowledge they had already acquired. In place of these, we were allowed to submit certificates of our high standing in the various high schools from which we came. Needless to say, we availed ourselves of the opportunity, excepting a few who desired to show that examinations could not frighten them.

Now that almost two years have passed it is hard to tell what our *first* impressions were, but this much can be said: Whatever they were, they were supplied by the seniors who, the evening before school opened, took great pains to give us a very clear concept of each member of the faculty, with the traits of character of each; also various suggestions as to how to get on the "right side" of them. Mr. Allyn should not have blamed us

when, in our notebooks of the fall term, he found that we had been very generous with red ink. We soon learned that, although both Mr. Allyn and Mr. Monroe liked red ink, it would be a good plan to be a trifle more economical with it. Get the idea? During the first week or two we had a most enjoyable time, thought Normal School very easy, and resolved to get the full benefit of our stay here. For some unknown reason, it seems almost a dream now, Mr. Monroe was not present at the opening of the school, and did not put in an appearance until a whole week had passed. Strange, was it not? Mr. Monté did not come until we had been here about two weeks and so, with the absence of two of our teachers, life here at first was very unlike what it was after they were all here.

During the first term we studied zoölogy under Mr. Wilson. It was not long before Normal girls could be seen almost any time in search of grasshoppers, crickets, etc., some of which caused very strenuous and exciting times in Dickinson Hall. In arithmetic, under Mr. Allyn, we learned that a subject may have very different aspects, and were obliged to look upon this one in a different way than we had ever before thought of it, keeping always to the *practical* side. Is it not so? Having learned that no text books were used in this subject, we thought it would be very interesting indeed but, when repeatedly questioned as to "actual facts?" we thought of it in a different light.

With Mrs. Knight we had grammar and here, at least, was one class in which we were always greeted with a pleasant smile and allowed to recite with the use of all of our senses. With Mr. Monté we soon learned to distinguish all the colors of the rainbow in any one of the beauties of Nature and were happy to think that we could always get the "mo*tif.*"

Although we had been fully warned as to the proper thing to expect in Mr. Monroe's classes, we came out of our first reci-

tation with him with little hope of ever getting "signed." We were to him the "young juniors." Sometimes our voices failed us; at other times reason was so impaired by fright that Mr. Monroe failed to "get the point" in our recitations and we were obliged to call upon our colleagues for help. Such instances brought forth ejaculations from our psychology professor, which it would be hard to imitate. In the study of the history of education it would have been well if we had had a previous course in phonetic shorthand. The day our notebooks were first inspected was a red letter day in the history of '09. The worst part of the work in these classes was the fact that so little encouragement was held out to us. One girl, who entered a few weeks late, when told that it was "almost impossible for her to do the work," and that it was "useless for her to expect to get through," decided that she would give up the idea, and so made it her last as well as her first day.

With Miss Cummings we spent many pleasant periods in the gymnasium at Dickinson Hall after a hard day's work. She, together with Mrs. Knight, we found to be the most considerate of our teachers. In these periods we were never allowed to overwork ourselves (and never did). Two other teachers whom we had throughout the year were Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Brodeur. The former did his best to implant in our minds the "seven time principles," and if they are not there still it is through no fault of Mr. Goodwin's. One period of each week was devoted to pedagogy, in which we had various interesting discussions, varying from "My boy at college" to "the standard authors."

As time went on there grew a desire for class organization. Our first class meeting was called and conducted by our principal. It resulted in the election of class officers for the year. After that, meetings were held regularly, and one of the first things we did was to choose honorary members. Other classes

had made it a custom to honor one member of the faculty in this way. We decided to do the same, but when we came to choose, we wished to make every member of the faculty a member of our class and could not be satisfied with only one. Finally we decided upon two, Mr. Monté, who was a "new" teacher, and Mr. Allyn.

Although we had to study very hard to keep our work up, our teachers realized (though not any more than we did) that all work and no play was not good for us from a physiological standpoint. Shortly after school opened a house party was held at Dickinson Hall, which proved to be a very enjoyable gathering. Dickinson Hall was the scene of a number of other good times also, though perhaps some of them are better not spoken of here, since I have heard that many were not strictly in accordance with the "Rules and Regulations" of the house. The "pike" has been noted for a certain surreptitious gathering which was "discovered there at half-past eleven one night." I cannot say exactly how it happened, but certain it is that on that same night, one poor junior from the upper story, who had a senior roommate, was almost forced out of her room by the presence there of a number of her roommate's friends. Unfortunately, she wandered down to the "pike" in search of some of her "colleagues," only to find them companions in misery.

Not long after the house party a masquerade was held at Dickinson Hall. The same evening a smaller gathering occurred in the school hall. Doubtless of the two, the former was the more enjoyable, but I am certain, from what information I have acquired upon this subject, that the *latter* was not lacking in amusement. Ask Mr. Winslow about it if you are in doubt.

Almost before we knew it the first term was over and we returned home for a short recess at Thanksgiving. The winter term proved to be much easier than the fall term had been and, as a

result, brilliant recitations from our class became more frequent. We no longer had Mrs. Knight as a teacher, and in place of zoölogy with Mr. Wilson, physiology was substituted. It was in this class that one of our members astonished the teacher with some interesting facts regarding "French cooks."

The first reception given by the seniors was a most enjoyable social affair. We soon returned the compliment by giving them a reception which fairly outclassed anything of the sort which had ever been given before.

The winter term seemed even shorter than the fall term and, with the advent of spring, we were obliged to set ourselves to the grindstone and work harder than ever. In this term we took up the study of physics in which we were introduced to many "interesting phenomena." Is it not so? Imagine our surprise to find ourselves presented with shower bouquets in this class. Geography, about which we had heard a great deal, became even a larger thorn in our path than psychology or anything else had ever thought of being. Although already acquainted with Mr. Monroe's methods and customs, it did not help us much. Memory and reason rarely combined in this class. Our sympathy was always ready for the poor unfortunates called upon to take the floor, or asked to "step to the map, please," and "point out the heat belts," "wind belts," or to "trace the migratory heat equator." Then, after a vain attempt to do what was required, we would sink into our seats, only to hear that we could not have done worse if we had been blindfolded.

Even though it seemed impossible we survived this first year of work. Commencement time arrived and with it a longing for a much-needed rest. It was a sad time, too, for now we must say good-bye to the seniors, who would not return again in the fall, as we hoped to. But sad things and glad things are continually coming our way and soon that first year was all over,

the seniors had gone, never to return again as a class of students, and we were gone, to return again at the close of the summer. Almost before we realized it, summer was gone and we were back again at Dickinson Hall, this time as seniors. It was a pleasure to notice the difference between our class and the poor unsophisticated juniors and to give them as much information as we could upon various subjects.

This year the house party took the form of a "children's" party and was even more successful than last year's had been. Imagine our surprise and delight to find Mr. Monroe as one of the children. We had learned that Mr. Monroe would not be with us much longer. Although some of us did not quite appreciate Mr. Monroe's methods, there was not one of us who did not realize what he and his work meant to the school, and it was with sorrow that we thought of his departure. We fully believed our principal when he said that if another would do half as much for us as Mr. Monroe had done, he would be doing exceedingly well and as much as could be expected. Mr. Monroe liked to make us work. He told us that he tried to keep us busy all the time and he certainly succeeded in so doing. But there was another side to his nature also, although some of us were slow in finding it, and did not realize it until the last moment. Mr. Monroe left at the end of the first term. The farewell reception given by the faculty in his honor showed what a host of friends he had made during his stay here. We cannot thank Mr. Monroe too much for all he has done for us nor for making our last period with him a happy one.

After his departure we awaited with eagerness the arrival of our new teacher, Mr. Hockenberry. We were very much pleased with him when he did come, and exceedingly glad to know that he realized we could not do our best work when "frightened stiff."

The course of our senior year flowed peacefully on, for now we were "dignified" and did not engage in such silly pranks as we did when juniors. We spent most of our time now in taking care of those "young juniors." This year we were again formed into classes under Mrs. Knight. We learned from her that in our apperceptive step, our presentation, and our generalization, we must be cheerful, positive and animated, have good distribution of questions and, horror of horrors, while doing all this, we must keep the attention of the class. It seemed impossible at first, but we soon found that it could be done in trying to teach a class of our "colleagues" at least, but whether or not it worked out with the Training School children, we will leave it to individuals to say.

Speaking of good distribution of questions reminds me of our geography class in which we all feared that our turn was coming next. Strange to say, we heard the same remarks at almost every class,—"Miss Charest, we will let you recite this morning"; "Going down this table, Miss Roche, you may take the floor"; "What can you add, Miss McGee?" Mr. Goodwin can vouch for the fact that we were a very progressive class. During our first year we composed numerous class songs and formed a "Glee Club." It was our intention to send this club to various schools to give exhibitions of our talent but, owing wholly to lack of funds, this idea was never carried out. However, the Glee Club continued its meetings this year, purely for the aesthetic value. Mr. Hockenberry is assured that we have remarkable memories, for did not one member of our class inform him, accurately, at what age she began to walk?

This year as well as last year we have had several good times, both at the school and at the hall. On these occasions we became acquainted with our teachers in a social way and it is gratifying to see how amusing they can be out of school, even

though they are not always so during school hours. Our first reception this year was not held until after the Christmas vacation. As everything else that we have been connected with, it was a great success. The principal feature of the dance was a moon which was brought indoors for the benefit of those who prefer moonlight. This reception was followed by one from the junior class which, considering their immaturity, was unusually successful. Only one more reception is left for the class of '09 to give, the final, which will be held on Saturday evening and which, we hope, will excel all previous ones in enjoyment.

Now, when we are about to leave this school, we feel a great sadness come over us, for here we have spent two of the happiest years of our lives. Here we have met many people and made friends from whom we must now part. Perhaps some of us, yes, many of us, will never meet again, but we hope that we shall not be forgotten. We hope that the faculty will remember the Class of '09, which Mr. Allyn has said is the "best ever." Mrs. Wilson, we feel sure, cannot forget very readily a class which, perhaps, has annoyed her in more ways than one, but we hope that she will forgive us, one and all. Mr. Saunders, we think, will remember for some time the surprise party which the girls of '08 and '09 held on him one April morning; but it is as a class that we wish to be remembered. As we have remembered *our* seniors so we hope *our juniors* will never forget the Class of '09, *their seniors*.

This is the history of the Class of '09. If there are any additions or corrections, now is the time for them. Was that the last bell? No, it was not. Then, we will pass on rapidly to the next topic.

Septa Lynn, W. N. S., '09.

Class Will

Given Monday, June 21, 1909, Assembly Hall, Class Night.

By May Powers.

AS we, the Class of 1909 are about to separate and each one to start her voyage on the sea of life, rough for some, smoother for others, we think it proper that while we are one body, we should leave in the form of a will, to all those whom we love and honor, the treasures which we own as a class. Therefore—

We, the Class of 1909, of the Westfield State Normal School, of the county of Hampden, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of sound and unfailing mind, and considering the uncertainty of this life, do make and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking any will by us heretofore made.

After the payment of our debts, just or unjust, and other expenses, we give, devise and bequeath as follows: To our successors, the Class of 1910 we give, devise and bequeath,—

First. The back rows of seats in the Assembly Hall where they must sit exceedingly quiet with only two books on their desks for all *must* participate in the devotional exercises. Also the privilege to subdue the incoming class who will doubtless forget that this room must be quiet.

Second. The use of the chemical laboratory where we as seniors laboriously worked and at last succeeded in discovering a powder which we guarantee to cure all nervous quaking and heart trembling which the Class of 1910 will no doubt experience before entering their recitations in geometry.

THIRD. To them we also bequeath the use of the mathematics room where they may spend four periods a week of 0^{2}, 45′, X″ anxiously awaiting the hands of the clock to reach the point at which the bell is rung for dismissal.

FOURTH. To the new history classes, the history room where we hope they will enjoy the ever-pleasant, conversational lessons assigned to them, and succeed as well as the present senior class have in the requirements of their teaching—namely, to be cheerful, positive and animated. Also we advise them when on entering their ancient history course to supply themselves with a heavy soled pair of shoes, which will save expenses as they must make frequent trips to that well known "Orbis Romanus" map.

FIFTH. To the juniors at Dickinson Hall, the use of the gymnasium *only* for playing popular music. Any one who is classically inclined may wander down to the parlor to pour forth her musical talent.

SIXTH. We devise unto the Springfield juniors a special car which they may justly monopolize and where they may pursue their different lines of work—for instance, studying and making decorations for their class affairs.

SEVENTH. To Mary Hynes and Agnes Glasheen we must will Room No. 2, on the first floor, as it is merely submitting to the inevitable. The "pikers," instead of ascending as a rule, descend, although their ideas are elevated. Yet, in this room their ideas will be elevated as there is a stepladder which they can have the use of for the asking. This the girls must expect as it is only fulfilling past traditions. And we are giving it on conditions that they allow it to act as a general assembly room, and sacrifice all their needs and spare moments and vacant chairs to the service of their friends.

EIGHTH. One of our seniors has at last reluctantly decided to give a beautiful fern she has carefully tended this past year,

to Mollie Casey, as she always desired to specialize in botany. This will also divert Mollie's mind and cause her attention to be turned from care.

Ninth. To Marion Burnham we bequeath a special course in ornithology. While pursuing this course we hope she will make a specialty in the medical department, where she will become skilled in "doctoring robbins," for, if we remember rightly, the "Robbin" was Marion's favorite bird.

Tenth. To our twins, yea our heavenly twins, in the junior class, we will solicitude where they may study for hours at a time, never disturbed, even by the slightest noise.

Eleventh. To Bessie Connor we bequeath a copy of Evangeline, trusting that she will be especially interested in the part connected with "Gabriel."

Twelfth. To Louise Twohig we bequeath the use of the piano in the gymnasium, also a music roll containing *one* or more *new* pieces of music.

Thirteenth. As Sarah Plumb was very prominent in bringing about a new style of millinery at our school this spring, we will her the privilege of so continuing in that line of business and of setting new styles for the juniors of next year.

Fourteenth. To Lulu Fanning we will a friendly game of cards in which the "King" will be in great prominence.

Fifteenth. We bequeath to Helena Sutty the best make of a graphophone—the "Victor."

Sixteenth. We will, devise and bequeath to all the faculty our deepest appreciation and kindest wishes.

To our principal, we leave our sincere gratitude and esteem for the interest he has taken in our class since our entrance to the school. To. Mr. Wilson we will our heartfelt appreciation of his ability to make clear to us the hard problems of science which

often confronted us. With all assurance, we can say that our hard lessons were made easy by his practical information. To Mr. Allyn we leave our sincere thanks for his assistance in saving us from an untimely death by teaching us that just as a book cannot be judged by its cover, so the contents of a bottle cannot be judged by the label on the outside. To Mr. Goodwin we will our lifelong esteem and good wishes. Also the patience that is needed (from past experience) to teach the "seven time principles." To Mrs. Knight we bequeath our deepest love and thanks for her keen interest in the girls. To Mr. Monté we will the sincere friendship of the Class of 1909. To Mr. Hockenberry we leave our heartiest wishes for the best of success as a teacher in our "Alma Mater." Unto Miss Cummings we devise our fondest love and hope that in years to come her friendship toward us may remain as warm as we know ours will for her.

Lastly we extend our thanks to you all for witnessing this, our last testimony, whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seals on the 21st day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1909.

Signed and approved by each member of our class in the presence of a testator.

Class of 1909.
May L. Powers.

Class Entertainment

The Court of Fame

The Court of Fame, Assembly Hall, June 21, 1909.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Greek Graces.....Tessie Tucker, Septa Lynn
Goddess.....Anna Dalton
Heralds.....Elaine Holt, Marian Bridgman, Agnes Dowdall
Hypatia.....Grace Howard
Queen Elizabeth.....Catherine Higgins
Samantha Allen.....Florence Mahoney
Ruth.....Claire O'Neill
Sister of Mercy.....May Dooley
Martha Washington.....Charlotte Richardson
Topsy.....Helen Howard
Nydia.....Ethel Corrie
Xantippe.....Genevieve Pease
Joan of Arc.....Alice Geran
Gypsy Queen.....Antoinette Charest
Grecian Poetess.....Anne Halfpenny
Pocahontas.....Lena Pfeiffer
Grace Darling.....Pearl Smith
Mrs. Partington.....Margaret Leahy
Ike Partington.....B. T. Riley
Mary, Queen of Scots.....Tryphena Bickford
Lady Mary Seaton.....Alma Root
Lady Mary Beaton.....Mary Kearney
Priscilla.....Lena Wells
Queen Isabella.....Irene Horrigan
Bridget O'Flannigan.....Marion Clark
Barbara Frietchie.....E. Dalrymple
Miriam.....Dolly Allaire
Maids.....Ruby Cowing, Tessie Barry, Monica Roche
Columbia.....S. A. Vitty
Attendants.....Misses Egan, Goodyear, Warner

Ivy Address

June 22, 1909.

Given by Charlotte B. Richardson.

THE time of parting has come. For two years we have striven and struggled together with the same aims and ambitions. But now our pathways diverge. In another day each one of us will have taken a new road, started a new life. And as we stand together as a class for the last time, memories of these past two years come crowding thick and fast. At times our work seemed almost too hard for us, but now we see where we might have accomplished much more than we have, and we sigh for the many opportunities which we thoughtlessly let slip by. Joy and pleasure have been plentifully intermingled with our work and we are loth to say goodbye to those many good times. From now on a new seriousness will enter into all that we do, as we accept larger and greater responsibilities and our outlook upon life becomes broader and more earnest.

Friends, we have invited you here this afternoon to witness this simple exercise, the planting of the ivy, which means so much when entered into with the true spirit. The ivy is ever climbing, always seeking the light and striving for a higher place. In like manner may our ambitions and ideals develop, always striving for the highest and the best. This little plant is frail and tiny now, but with proper care, sufficient moisture and sunlight, it will soon grow into a strong, hardy vine. So may our lives, our characters broaden and develop, strong for the good and the true

and the right. Kind friends, we thank you for your interest and good wishes which we know are ours. May we, as a class and as individuals live up to the best that is within us, prove ourselves worthy of all that has been done for us, and in no way fall short of what is expected of us.

To the Class of 1910, now the Senior class, we extend our cordial wishes for as successful a Senior year as we have had. In another year you will be standing in this same place, participating in this same exercise as so many classes have done before you. May success crown all your efforts both as a class and as individuals. To you, the Class of 1910, we intrust the care of this little vine. We make you the guardian of this symbol of our future growth and of our never dying ambitions and ideals. As we scatter far and wide may we feel assured that this little plant, the symbol of our united interest and effort, is taking deeper and stronger root each day, owing to your kindly and tender care.

CHARLOTTE BAXTER RICHARDSON, 1909.

Address to Class of 1909

June 22, 1909.

Given by the Class President.

CLASSMATES, members of the Class of 1909. This is the last time that we shall be together as a class: it is the last time that we shall all be here on the Campus as members of Westfield Normal School, 1909.

We have been together for two years, striving to obtain that which we expect will help us in our chosen work. We have secured, with our diplomas, a Normal school education. That may mean little or it may mean much.

Girls, I ask you not only as members of what we each believe to be the best class ever graduated here, but as Alumnae of Westfield Normal School to make the most of what you have obtained here. Make your work count in the world. Prove yourselves worthy of your position.

In all life's work, we believe there is none nobler than the one we have chosen. Live up to the highest ideal you may now have and when that is attained, strive for a still higher one.

Our two years here have been short. Today ends for many of us school life.

We know that the motto of last year's class may be applied to ours. We go now from "school life to life's school." School life has seemed hard. Do we realize that life's school is even harder?

Classmates, my wish for each one of you is that in whatever you undertake to do, in whatever place you may find yourself, you may always be "lifting better up to best" and proving yourself worthy of the love and respect of every other member of Westfield Normal School, 1909.

Class Grinds

Cutest ..... O. Ludwig
Snooper ..... P. Smith
Most popular ..... E. Dalrymple, M. McGee, S. Vitty
Best natured ..... M. McGee
Wit ..... Vitty, Tucker
Nerviest ..... A. Geran
Giggler ..... M. Leahy
Flirt ..... H. Howard
Baby ..... R. Randall
Spoon ..... A. Charest, A. Geran
Bride ..... R. Cowing
Musician ..... E. Dalrymple
Sleepiest ..... H. Lewis, C. C. Higgins
Brightest ..... A. Johnson
Prima Donna ..... D. Allaire
Beauty ..... L. Wells
Bluff ..... G. Pease, E. Dalrymple
Cut ..... T. Tucker
Best all around girl ..... S. Vitty
Grind ..... C. Harrington
Dude ..... A. Dalton
Popular boy ..... B. Riley
Bachelor girl ..... E. Holt
Athlete ..... M. Roche

Snap Shots

Wonderful prodigy discovered: Miss Tucker at the age of eight months started to walk, thus establishing a precedent in the annals of child study.

Teacher of psychology: "And what reference do *you* consider the best, Miss L——?"

Bright pupil, striving vainly to catch a whispered answer: "Why, e-e-er Study of the Human Mind by Prof. James, I think. He's an excellent authority."

"So! so! I wasn't aware that he had written such a work."

In The History Room.

Three minutes after the last bell has rung.

Mrs. K.: "And where is Miss A.?"

"She's coming."

"Well, so is Christmas, but it's a long way off."

"In what class was Miss W—— ever prominent as a critic?"

"In history she has no equal. Why? Because! !"

You never can tell what will happen! If Miss H—n's had corresponded with Professor Oppenheim he might have been induced to include some of her views in his work on Psychology. At least this is what Prof. W. S. M—— thought when he heard Miss H—'s brilliant recitation on memory.

Senior pupil coming from class room: "I've just heard the *latest* joke!"

Curious Junior: "What is it?"

Senior pupil: "Do you remember Caesar's proposal?"

Junior: "No—when?"

Senior: "When he reached the Rhine he proposed to Bridget! !"

Conversation heard the day the Class picture was taken:

"And what are you going to do with your hands, Mr. A—?"

"I'm busy with my feet now."

(Finally after adjusting himself to his difficult position "on the fence," he was obliged to change and so called on the class treasurer to help him out.)

CLASS FAVORITES.

Favorite insect ..... Grasshopper
Favorite animal ..... Piggy
Favorite sport ..... Hockey
Favorite time ..... Night
Favorite name ..... Pete
Favorite place ..... Skating Rink
Favorite battleship ..... Monitor
Favorite song ..... Blow, bugle, blow

In the psychology class:

Teacher: "Describe the symptoms of fear, Miss A—."

Miss A—: "From my own experience, I grow rigid, have paroxysms of weeping, followed by cold chills."

Whisperings from history:

"And poor Hendrik Hudson was lost at sea."

Teacher: "Describe the deplorable condition of France at this time."

Our Bright Boy: "The condition of France, Mrs. K—, was deplorable. It was decidedly wretched, so deplorable that the people were in great distress."

Teacher: "Exactly. Yes."

"In what does our vice-president excel?"

"Dodging."

"What is Miss G—'s specialty?"

"Diverting the mind."

Expressions Acquired at W. N. S.

"I fancy it may be so."
"What not."
"Strange to say—it's just the opposite."
"Get the idea."
"So (?)."
"Just a little more chroma."
"Neutralize it, neutralize it."
"Now girls, attend to me."
"Bushels!"
"Snooper."
"I've been squelched."
"These terrible bells! Was that the first, second or third?"
"In terms of our own Experience."
"From the known to the unknown."
"Imitation, dictation, representation."
"Go to your room, immediately."
"Those are my orders! ! !"
"Interesting, Miss H—, but untrue!"
"Unfortunately!"
"Mr. Taylor's lawn is green and the campus is green and"——
Miss H—'s specialty: Concave polygons!
A favorite game: "Clapp in, Clapp out.

Song

Tune: Anchored. M. I. Leahy.

Our days at Normal School
Are but a pleasure past,
Like all our other joys
We found they could not last;
Working with steady zeal
Was a great trial true,
But glad, O glad, are our hearts tonight
And loyal to White and Blue.

Chorus:

Two years have sped so swiftly on
It seems but yesterday we met.
Our work is done; we've had our fun,
Faithful and true tho a trouble too,
To our kind faculty.

Now cheer for Nineteen Nine,
The class that's fought and won.
Psychology and Math;
Now seem to us but fun;
Botany was our test
Tho Drawings we could not do;
As Art was a work unknown
We left it to Juniors to do.

Chorus:

Only another day to spend,
Only another night to dream,
Naughty-Nine! Now is the time
To bid farewell to our Normal dear!
Farewell! but not good-bye.

Music became our boast,
Composers now are we.
Literature we all liked,
But O—— for our History!
Now when the strife is o'er
A happy class remains;
But sad, O sad, are our hearts,
Tho still we think of our gains.

But tho beating, they now seem still
For new tasks we must fulfill.

So Naughty-Nine!
Dear Naughty-Nine!
Ne'er let your love grow cold,
For your dear Green and Gold!
Our colors—Green and Gold!

Ivy Poem

Francis Egan, '09.

Two years have swiftly flown and our
School days now are past;
So we the Class of 1909
Must say farewell at last.
We cannot forget the friendships
Of a school to us so dear
As we gather round this ivy
Which we leave to flourish here.

The time at last has come
When Nineteen Nine must part,
So we leave this one fair token
As an emblem of its heart.
As we leave you Junior schoolmates,
With a sadness full and deep,
We trust that through the future
Our ivy thought you'll keep.

For we plant the tender ivy vine
Symbol of a custom old,
That may to future students
Dear thoughts of us unfold;
And as you keep on upward
And round these walls entwine
We'll be striving onward, upward,
Thee, our symbol, ivy vine.

Class Songs

Tune: Captain Willie Brown.

Bright Normal days are almost o'er,
The gladest years of life;
How swiftly have they glided by
The time has seemed to fly;
The seasons come and go
And though all this be so
We shall not forget our dear old friends.

We all must leave this Normal home
The stormy world to roam,
But though the mighty ocean's tide
Should all of us divide;
O let us strive to be
Always true to thee,
Dear old class of Nineteen Hundred Nine.

Chorus:

From left to right
We march along,
With colors bright,
And joyful song;
We hate to leave this dear old Normal.

Westfield Normal, Nineteen Nine,
Come raise a cheer,
A hearty cheer,
Till back again we hear it rolled,
Come gather round the grand old banner,
Emblazoned with the Green and Gold.

PEARL SMITH.
GENEVIEVE PEASE.

Come, classmates, let us sing
Our voices let them ring,
For fond farewell will song begin,
So join our happy, happy class day lay
On this bright gay June day;
So classmates sing and cheer
Rah, rah,
For 1909.

Chorus:

O Westfield Normal dear,
Come raise a hearty cheer,
For the Class of 1909 and the
Class so mighty fine.
We are the class whom the
Faculty ne'er forgot to sign,
And so we sing to you
And long ere we are through
You'll say that we are best
And banish all the rest,
For 1909.

Come Juniors, join our song,
Our joyous lay prolong;
For soon from you dear friends we'll part.
Dear Juniors, in life's work for us to start,
Our best wishes impart;
So Juniors sing and cheer,
Rah, rah,
For 1909.

DOLLY ALLAIRE.

Tune: I want you.

Westfield Normal, Nineteen Nine
Marching forward down the line,
Hear the faculty all say
We're the best class out today;
We're the class that does the work
From our duties never shirk,
Next year Juniors will be told
Of our deeds, then growing old.

Chorus:

Nineteen Nine,
Nineteen Nine,
Soon, soon we leave Normal School forever,
Then from Juniors and from faculty we'll sever.
Nineteen Nine,
Nineteen Nine,
We're the best class ever came to Normal School.

When we're gone from Normal School
Don't let your love for us cool;
Just remember, Juniors dear,
What we did when we were here.
Though we did not always do

Just the things they wished us to,
Yet the faculty still say
We're the best class out today.

Chorus:

Nineteen Nine,
Nineteen Nine,
Soon, soon we leave Normal School forever,
Then from Juniors and from faculty we'll sever.
Nineteen Nine,
Nineteen Nine,
We're the best class ever came to Normal School.

S. A. Vitty, '09.

Commencement Hymn

Tune: Jerusalem, the Golden.

O, Alma Mater noble,
We'll cheer thee on our way,
We'll love and watch thee ever
And homage to thee pay.
We'll sing, we'll sing thy praises,
We'll shout thy name aloud,
Across the mighty oceans
To own thee we are proud.

Within thy stately portals
In all their beauty dressed,
We'll turn to thee for succor,
When with Earth's duties pressed;
We know thy many virtues,
Will show forth every year,
To glorify and honor
Thy name, O Normal dear!

Ruby Cowing.